

THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING
EDITION (Including Postage),
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,846

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class
mail matter.

OPEN TO ALL

THE NEW YORK

GUARANTEES

THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE
DAILY CIRCULATION DURING
THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS
YEAR WAS 288,267 AND THAT
THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE
THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER
IN AMERICA

Second-That the REGULAR AVERAGE
DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE SUN-
DAY WORLD IS MORE THAN TWICE
AND NEARLY THREE TIMES AS GREAT
AS THAT OF THE NEW YORK
WORLD.

Third-TO REFUND
ALL MONEY PAID FOR ADVERTISING,
IF, UPON A PROPER TEST,
THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT
VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE DEATH-TRAP FIRE.

Of what use are building laws, of what value is a Building Bureau and a Fire Department in this city, if such a cruel death-trap as that on the Bowery, in which seventeen human beings were burned to death yesterday afternoon, is allowed to be maintained?

Here was a building completely shut in between a theatre, a saloon, a pawnbroker's shop and other tenements, all extra hazardous, and reached only by a passage-way 3½ feet wide and an alley 8 feet wide, the two being together 60 feet in length. Into this wretched den were huddled some sixty persons, tenants and workers. What wonder that when flames broke out in such a trap, filled with wooden partitions, they spread so rapidly as to swallow up the inmates as if they had been so many shavings, and to destroy nearly a score of lives, besides inflicting serious injuries on others?

The general powers of the department are sufficient to prevent the occupation of such a building either as a residence or a factory, and it is to be hoped that some one may be held responsible for the terrible calamity.

THE BOATLIFT-HOMICIDE.

The Twenty-third Street Railroad corporation is doing its best to protect its officers against the consequences of the manslaughter of Mrs. SOPHIA LEVY. Its lawyers look into the Coroner's office and seek to block the proceedings by refusing to produce books and insisting on cross-examining witnesses. Yesterday one of the corporation's lawyers served a Supreme Court writ on the Coroner, requiring him to show cause next Monday why he should not be prohibited from compelling the General Manager of the road to produce the slaughter records of the company, on the ground that Mr. McLEW has already been committed for manslaughter and the production of the records might tend to criminate him.

Coroner McLEW is pushing the inquest with fearlessness and vigor, and he may be relied upon to see the law properly enforced and the guilty persons brought to trial. The killing of Mrs. LEVY was a clear case of manslaughter, and, for the protection of the public, whoever is responsible ought to be punished.

HEATED TERM POLITICS.

Politics and political wire-pulling and pipe-laying are to some people very agreeable pastimes. Yet how readily they yield to the attractions of fishing, yachting and the gayeties of summer resorts. Here is Gen. HARRISON, shaking hands and making speeches despite the warm weather with Premier BLAINE on the ocean making his way back to receive a political ovation, and President CLEVELAND quietly slips off with wily Secretary TAN to enjoy four or five days' yachting and blue-fishing. Here are enterprising organs nominating Mr. HEWITT, Congressman CUMMINGS and WILLIAM B. GRACE for Mayor, and Sheriff GRANT is sporting at Saratoga, RICHARD CHICKER is cooling off at Saybrook and ED KEARNEY is lounging on the Saratoga balconies.

After all, playing politics during the heated term is seldom an effective and winning game, and those who give up the summer to enjoyment may return invigorated in the fall and speedily upset all the nice arrangements so glibly made during their absence from the city.

There seems to be a good prospect that Governor's Island will before long be enjoyed by our citizens as a public park. This will indeed be a boon to our downtown population. But the most important point at the present moment is the opening of Stuyvesant Park. Here is a fine pleasure ground ready for the use, recreation and healthful enjoyment of thousands of our teeming citizens, and nothing but a few iron

pedlocks and the wooden heads of a handful of selfish and stupid people stand in the way of its immediate utilization. Let the Park Commissioners throw open Stuyvesant Park this season and do their best to give us Governor's Island next year.

We have a noble set of firemen and policemen in New York and some really brave men among our people. This is demonstrated clearly enough whenever a great calamity that calls for presence of mind and personal daring occurs. The horrible fire in the Bowery yesterday developed these excellent traits in a marked degree, and the brave men who did such fearless work in rescuing their fellow-creatures from a horrible fate deserve the highest honor and praise.

It is said that man is naturally a gambler. No one who attends the race tracks can doubt that the saying is equally true as applied to women. The freedom and spirit with which the fair betters on the grand stands throw out their fives and twenties for investment on favorite horses show how thoroughly they enjoy the excitement of a game of chance, and while they do not take their losses quite so philosophically as men do, they are always ready to try their luck again.

What an extraordinary and unaccountable animal a despondent lover is, anyway. The last bridge-jumper, MATTHEW BRYNES, who beat the record by jumping from a higher point on the bridge than any of his predecessors, is said to have taken the leap because he was a hopeless lover. He wanted to kill himself. Yet as soon as he felt the cold water and rose to the surface after his dive, he struck out stoutly for a tug to save his life.

Gen. BUTLER has turned up again. He has been at Washington for a few days and declares himself in favor of protection. BENJAMIN thinks that his vote in New York in 1884 lacked "protection." From the size it certainly seems to have lacked something.

GOOD THINGS FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER.

Celery, 50 cents.
Lettuce, 50 cents.
White peonies, 10 cents.
Hothouse flowers, 10 cents.
Lemon peels, \$1.50 a peck.
Pears, 40 to 50 cents a peck.
Blackberries, 10 cents a pound.
Mushrooms, 15 cents a pound.
Raspberries, 5 cents a pound.
Blackberries, 15 cents a box.
Watermelons, 10 to 15 cents.
Live chickens, 10 to 15 cents.
Selling beans, 10 cents a quart.
Winterberries, 15 cents a box.
Oranges, 10 to 50 cents a dozen.
Corn, 15 cents a dozen; best, 30 cents.
Large bluefish, 15 cents, small, 10 cents.
Pineapples, 15 cents; best, 30 to 40 cents.
Pears, 40 cents a dozen; best, 50 to 75 cents.
Peaches, 10 cents a dozen; large, 40 cents to \$1.
Lemons, 30 cents a dozen; small, 30 to 35 cents.
Muskmelons—Small, 5 to 8 cents; large, 15 to 20 cents.

FIVE GOOD MEN.

Willie Harris has recovered from his recent illness, and can be seen at his old place.

Joe Sailer took the breath from the boys in Fulton Market by appearing among them minus four-fifths of his hair.

John Montoto takes his ease during the warm weather. He divides his leisure hours between the club and the near-by summer resorts.

William C. McBride, Jr., has returned from his vacation looking as brown as a berry and earnestly trying to impress on his friends that he had "the best time in his life."

The friends of Edward F. Emanuel who reside outside of Tremont wonder why that gentleman's face is so weathered in summer. Eddie became a papa three weeks ago, and the novelty of the situation has not begun to wear off.

One of the waiters employed at one of the larger clubs in Chicago is the son of a wealthy and prominent man in Holland, a former General in the army and the head of an ancient baronial family.

Another waiter, a German, who died in Chicago recently, had similar aristocratic antecedents.

Capt. George Murphy, of Philadelphia, possesses among other valuable relics, the barrel of John Brown's rifle. It is an octagonal smooth-bore Springfield weighing about twenty pounds, and has a telescopic attachment. Near the butt is a little silver plate set in the steel, bearing the name of John Brown.

Aluminum, the silvery metal that used to cost \$200 a pound thirty-five years ago, is now produced at the Krupp Gun Works at Essen, Germany, for 25 cents a pound. Common cast aluminum contains from two to ten pounds of it in every hundred pounds, and it is likely, within the next decade or two, to become more common than iron.

BITS OF HOFFMAN HOUSE TALK.

"There is more talk than money on the election."

"Yes, you hear of bet, but you can't find any one who is willing to bet."

"I think men are keeping quiet. It is too early in the campaign."

"It looks as if James W. Boyle intends to stick to the County Democracy."

"That would be funny. Edward Kearney out of the County and James W. Boyle fighting under Maurice J. Power."

"Have you seen Edward Cahill?"

"I guess County Clerk Black will be re-nominated."

"We will miss Eddie O'Reilly. Death captured a bright young reporter. The politicians liked him."

"I hear the name of Richard A. Cunningham mentioned for Congress."

"Merriman will not be re-nominated for Congress."

"He voted against the Mills bill."

"I am told that Col. Willson L. Brown is slated for Congress in Merriman's district."

"Wonder if the new Aqueduct Commissioners will bounce many of the old clerks."

"I wouldn't be surprised if the County Democracy re-nominated Mayor Hewitt."

"I'll bet a bunch of bananas that Tammany Hall will favor the re-nomination of Gov. Hill."

"All the fellows who have been turned out of the Custom-House will turn out in the Blaine parade."

JOHN M. WARD on the origin of baseball a reply to Prof. Proctor. See the SUNDAY WORLD. In Supplement to the SUNDAY WORLD, Thackeray's story, "The Great Hoagerty Diamond," complete.

MOORE'S TENDER'S CORRAL, relieving damage while testing. Price, 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

THE JOKING OF THE JOKERS.

THOUSANDS HAVE ENTERED THE SNICKER-TOURNAMENT.

It promises to be the greatest event in the history of humor—steady improvement in the quality of the contributions—We shall have something real funny after a while.

We return the snicker. As brevity is the soul of wit, how does this strike you?

A famous letter-carrier. (A stand-up neatly placed over his head.) Yours with a smile, Ed I. TORRIALLA, Yonkers, Aug. 2.

The Joker Nipped. A doctor stepped in at a carpenter shop at Long Branch not long since while on his way to meet a train. The carpenter was putting on a finishing coat of paint to complete a job he had made for a customer. The doctor, after watching him a moment, remarked: "Oh, I see putty and paint sometimes cover up your bad jobs, don't they?"

The carpenter turned instantly on the doctor and replied: "Yes, and a hole in the ground often covers up yours."

They have not spoken to each other from that day to this, says a CHARLES NICHOLAS, 354 Halsey street, Brooklyn, Aug. 2.

It is Not Very Bad. To the Editor of The Evening World:

A young lady at my side, on seeing the enclosed cut, asks: "If it would not be a good



source of inspiration for the other 'Rider Haggard'?" How is that for an impromptu? New York City. WM. H. SMITH.

The Farmer at Work. Walking through the garden last night I stumbled and fell over an article that had been removed from its accustomed place—the clarn. A friend, standing near, exclaimed: "You have kicked the bucket." I replied, as I slowly picked myself up: "No, I haven't; I've only turned a little pale (pail)."

What It Was For. Farmer (in store, clerks pointing to new style of hay-cutting)—Say, young fellow, what's that machine there for?

Clerk—That's for sale, sir. TIM SULLIVAN, 194 Fulton street, Brooklyn, Aug. 2.

The Way of the Butcher. Butcher—Come, Carl, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Black's chops and put Mrs. Grey's ribs in the basket for her.

Carl (briskly)—All right, sir; as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Black's ribs.

WM. KEENEAN, 296 West Third street, New York, Aug. 3.

He Does It Frequently. To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is now certain that Jay Gould is not satisfied with the earth. It is reported on good authority that he bought an extra World last week.

News Agent Long Island Railroad.

Who will the winning joker be? Is asked by one one all. Look in THE EVENING WORLD and see on whom you have to call.

Bill Nye has been appointed Judge, and nobody fills the "docket."

Rut from his chair he need not budge—The prize just fits his pocket.

O. GUFF. (It undoubtedly would, but Judge Nye is barred.—Ed.)

An Uncomplaining Clerk. Master of House (looking at the clock and doubting its correctness as to time)—How is the clock, Annie?

Annie—Faith, sir, I haven't heard her complain. Miss M. S. DUDLEY, 437 Madison street, Brooklyn.

In a Restaurant. Waiter—Do you want a steak to order?

Jerseyman—No, I want a steak to eat. P. X. H.

It Would Be Funny. Judge Nye and me may not agree.

Not those who for the prize will drive. That the best joke of the whole would be for me to win that twenty-five.

JAMES EGGO, 569 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

From a Twelve-Year Old. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I enclose an original joke, with picture, which I have written with my own hand. I am twelve years old, and after having read all of Mr. Nye's works, am ready to launch out as a humorist. If the joke is worthy of it, kindly do it justice. HARRY M. YOUNG, 1276 Third avenue, city, Aug. 2.

You've Seen Him at Menomouth. This is the sport so fresh and gay.

Who's at the races every day.

And rides to them in a coupe.

The inside "tips" he shrewdly plays.

His name is Claude, but not always.

For there are those who look for days when he loses on the track both ways.

And his name is "Dennis." H. M. YOUNG.

Conditions of the Contest. Following are the conditions of THE EVENING WORLD'S joke contest: It is open to everybody—men, women and children. Any person can submit one or as many jokes as desired. The decision, however, will be made on the merits of the best joke in the collection.

Prizes must be original, that is to say, they shall not have been previously appeared in print to the knowledge of the competitor. Each joke must be written on one side of a sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are required, they must be neatly secured together. Each joke must bear the name of

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Harlem's Waste Places Fall of Strange Blossom and Sweet Perfume.

Just now the uninhabited wastes of Harlem are blooming with sweet-scented flower gardens.

Even the oldest inhabitant cannot remember the like of it, and the weed or shrub, or whatever it is, has spread itself in such profusion over the roadways and vacant lots, and along the sidewalks in unfrequented streets and avenues, that the Bureau of Incumbrances may be called upon to remove this vegetable obstruction to travel.

The plant grows about 3 feet high on an arched and fringed innumerable clusters of small white flowers. Their fragrance is almost overpowering in its sweetness, and the pedestrian can always tell when he is approached by a crowd of these natural flower beds from the leeward a block or more away.

The largest patches are on the west side, above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, along the Harlem River front, and the adjoining streets.

It is said that the plant has only made its appearance within the last two or three years, and that it is extending its range of growth further and further. Some of the blossoms which were gathered last year in bunches and put away have not only preserved their fragrance, but are now being used as a supply while the plant is in bloom.

In a single thick patch of the shrubs on Sixty-second street, near One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, there are enough honey bees on any sunny day to stock half a dozen good-sized hives, and the noise made by the thousands of wings results at a little distance the humming of a buzz saw.

How the Fresh-Air Children Leave the Big Depot at Jersey City.

Those passengers on the Pennsylvania Railroad who are inclined to sentiment and tenderness find much to interest them in the daily departure of the child beneficiaries of the Fresh-Air Fund from the big depot in Jersey City each afternoon.

The train leaving the depot at 4.15 always carries two carloads of the happy youngsters, in charge of motherly women and a superintendent. The children march from the depot to the waiting room, where the blue-coated officials of the company call "Here come the youngsters," and big policemen then become guard marshals, taking the children by the hand and guiding the long line to the cars.

Every one in the depot makes way for the little ones, watching their happy faces with the sympathy of a mother when the reality of asking of the tiny travelers their destination.

The country, "is the laconic and invariable answer.

Boarding the cars the children scramble into seats, and soon each window frames two eager faces and each face is a study.

Occasionally a mother appears until the fields and off to-day for the green woods and New York of Jersey, there is little time for transformation.

Such a scene, peeped faces of poverty and suffering predominates, with not a rosy cheek among them all. The eyes glitter and dart about in all the excitement of the hour, not without a gleam of mischief when the reality of asking of the tiny travelers their destination.

The train leaves the depot amid shrill screams and cheers of delight. Handkerchiefs and hats wave, and the two cars present a most animated appearance until the dusty city streets have been left behind and the hills and vales of the storied "country" are undulating about the train.

Everybody Picked Up the Bag, and So Did the Reporter.

A lot of boys and an inflated paper bag furnished amusement for a good-sized audience of loungers at the Battery the other day.

The bag lay on the walk, and everyone who passed along was attracted by its appearance of fullness.

Passers by would almost invariably stoop down, pick up the bag, look into it, put it back carefully and then smile and walk on.

The bag was picked up, too, and saw a card with the word "sold" printed on it carefully fastened to the bottom.

Men When It's Pleasant to Meet in Rainy Weather.

Rain changes the aspect of things in the city about as radically as a morning, howling detachment of the Salvation Army.

Horses go struggling and slipping along, and their drivers are in their best fighting mood.

Umbrellas bump into each other, while the owners, or more accurately speaking, their holders, grinned at each other's alleged awkwardness.

Occasionally a jolly, good-humored man will pass along and light up the whole scene with his pleasant, make-the-best-of-everything face.

Such a man as this is most pleasant to look upon, especially when one is about to succumb to the prevailing and disagreeable influences. They will bring one back to one's self again and cause a smile in spite of the rain.

BLAINE'S WELCOME HOME.

The Parade Expected Thursday Evening—Loyal Republicans Getting Ready.

It has been decided by the Committee of Arrangements, which has charge of the reception to Mr. Blaine on his arrival from Europe, that the public parade in his honor will not take place until the evening after the day of his arrival. As the City of New York is due on Wednesday, the parade will probably occur on Thursday evening.

Grand Marshal Jackson is busy completing the arrangements for the procession, which will include probably all the Republican clubs and organizations in the city, as well as a large number of visiting organizations from all over the country, and it is estimated that there will be at least 20,000 men in line. Brooklyn alone will send 8,500. The reviewing stand will be erected at the World Monument and will be under the charge of Assistant Marshal John W. Jacobus.

The Pennsylvania Division will be commanded by Gen. C. H. T. Collins, and Major Obed Wheeler has been assigned to the command of the Veterans' Division. The latter has just opened his headquarters at the Murray Hill Hotel, and there is a prospect that this turnout of veterans will be very large.

Punishment for Men. (From the Epoch.) Sunday-school teacher—Tommy Traddles, do you know where people go to who steal?

Tommy Traddles—Yes, sir, some of 'em go to jail, but most of 'em go to Canada.

Not a Competent Critic. (From the Burlington Free Press.) Miss Boston—How do you like the artist Whistler's work?

Mr. Chicago—Can't say. Never heard him.

The Ring They Like. (From the Baltimore American.) A great deal is being said about rings in politics at the present time, but the ring that interests the women folks is a thing of beauty and matrimony.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Harlem's Waste Places Fall of Strange Blossom and Sweet Perfume.

Just now the uninhabited wastes of Harlem are blooming with sweet-scented flower gardens.

Even the oldest inhabitant cannot remember the like of it, and the weed or shrub, or whatever it is, has spread itself in such profusion over the roadways and vacant lots, and along the sidewalks in unfrequented streets and avenues, that the Bureau of Incumbrances may be called upon to remove this vegetable obstruction to travel.

The plant grows about 3 feet high on an arched and fringed innumerable clusters of small white flowers. Their fragrance is almost overpowering in its sweetness, and the pedestrian can always tell when he is approached by a crowd of these natural flower beds from the leeward a block or more away.

The largest patches are on the west side, above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, along the Harlem River front, and the adjoining streets.

It is said that the plant has only made its appearance within the last two or three years, and that it is extending its range of growth further and further. Some of the blossoms which were gathered last year in bunches and put away have not only preserved their fragrance, but are now being used as a supply while the plant is in bloom.

In a single thick patch of the shrubs on Sixty-second street, near One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, there are enough honey bees on any sunny day to stock half a dozen good-sized hives, and the noise made by the thousands of wings results at a little distance the humming of a buzz saw.

How the Fresh-Air Children Leave the Big Depot at Jersey City.

Those passengers on the Pennsylvania Railroad who are inclined to sentiment and tenderness find much to interest them in the daily departure of the child beneficiaries of the Fresh-Air Fund from the big depot in Jersey City each afternoon.

The train leaving the depot at 4.15 always carries two carloads of the happy youngsters, in charge of motherly women and a superintendent. The children march from the depot to the waiting room, where the blue-coated officials of the company call "Here come the youngsters," and big policemen then become guard marshals, taking the children by the hand and guiding the long line to the cars.

Every one in the depot makes way for the little ones, watching their happy faces with the sympathy of a mother when the reality of asking of the tiny travelers their destination.

The country, "is the laconic and invariable answer.

Boarding the cars the children scramble into seats, and soon each window frames two eager faces and each face is a study.

Occasionally a mother appears until the fields and off to-day for the green woods and New York of Jersey, there is little time for transformation.

Such a scene, peeped faces of poverty and suffering predominates, with not a rosy cheek among them all. The eyes glitter and dart about in all the excitement of the hour, not without a gleam of mischief when the reality of asking of the tiny travelers their destination.

The train leaves the depot amid shrill screams and cheers of delight. Handkerchiefs and hats wave, and the two cars present a most animated appearance until the dusty city streets have been left behind and the hills and vales of the storied "country" are undulating about the train.

Everybody Picked Up the Bag, and So Did the Reporter.

A lot of boys and an inflated paper bag furnished amusement for a good-sized audience of loungers at the Battery the other day.

The bag lay on the walk, and everyone who passed along was attracted by its appearance of fullness.

Passers by would almost invariably stoop down, pick up the bag, look into it, put it back carefully and then smile and walk on.

The bag was picked up, too, and saw a card with the word "sold" printed on it carefully fastened to the bottom.

Men When It's Pleasant to Meet in Rainy Weather.

Rain changes the aspect of things in the city about as radically as a morning, howling detachment of the Salvation Army.

Horses go struggling and slipping along, and their drivers are in their best fighting mood.

Umbrellas bump into each other, while the owners, or more accurately speaking, their holders, grinned at each other's alleged awkwardness.

Occasionally a jolly, good-humored man will pass along and light up the whole scene with his pleasant, make-the-best-of-everything face.

Such a man as this is most pleasant to look upon, especially when one is about to succumb to the prevailing and disagreeable influences. They will bring one back to one's self again and cause a smile in spite of the rain.

BLAINE'S WELCOME HOME.

The Parade Expected Thursday Evening—Loyal Republicans Getting Ready.

It has been decided by the Committee of Arrangements, which has charge of the reception to Mr. Blaine on his arrival from Europe, that the public parade in his honor will not take place until the evening after the day of his arrival. As the City of New York is due on Wednesday, the parade will probably occur on Thursday evening.

Grand Marshal Jackson is busy completing the arrangements for the procession, which will include probably all the Republican clubs and organizations in the city, as well as a large number of visiting organizations from all over the country, and it is estimated that there will be at least 20,000 men in line. Brooklyn alone will send 8,500. The reviewing stand will be erected at the World Monument and will be under the charge of Assistant Marshal John W. Jacobus.

The Pennsylvania Division will be commanded by Gen. C. H. T. Collins, and Major Obed Wheeler has been assigned to the command of the Veterans' Division. The latter has just opened his headquarters at the Murray Hill